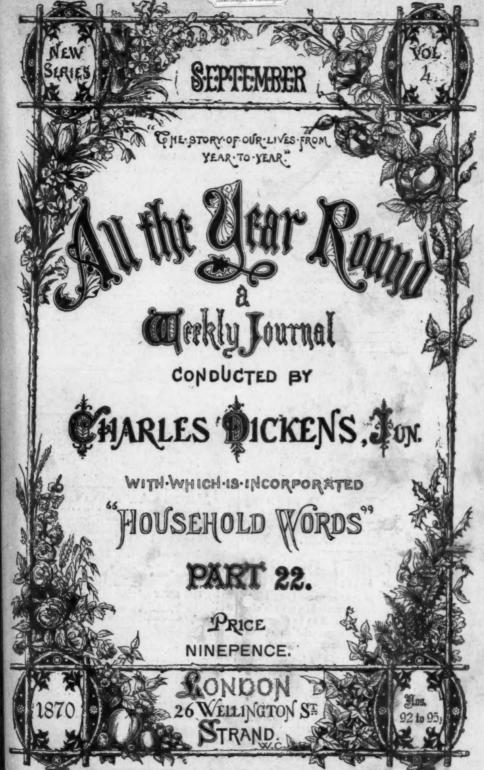
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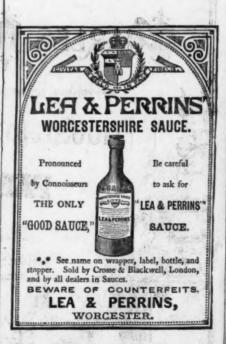
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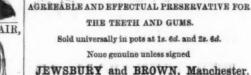


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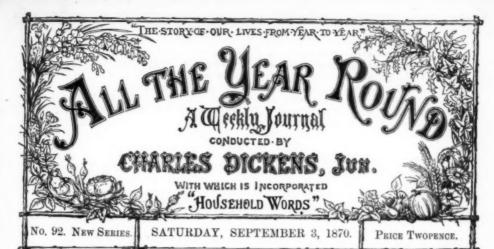
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THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER III. BEARDING THE LIONESS.

Doctor Findlater had been hesitating how to act. He had been at first inclined to burst into the enemy's country, carry his daughter and the young man to town, and have the marriage performed off-hand. But he felt things were scarcely ripe for this bold step: and as he hesitated, the precious opportunity was snatched from him. He was startled with the news that the enemy had advanced in full force, and that there was to be a regular campaign and tedious stand-up fight.

He went in to his young friend. "Well, there's news for you," he cried. "Papa and mamma coming home to-morrow or next day!"

The young man looked shy and sheepish. "Oh, yes," he said, "they are coming to-morrow."

"Oh, then you have heard from them?" the Doctor said, darting a keen look at him. "You kept all that to yourself? My dear lad, do you know I am not sorry. And, now, what do you mean to do?"

"Oh, I suppose I shall go and stay with them at Leadersfort."

Again the Doctor looked at him keenly. "Ah! but my dear son-in-law-to-be, there's more than that to be thought of. There's business before us both, and a big bull as ever you came across to be griped by the horruns. How will you go about it?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the young man, pettishly. "We'll see, I suppose. You said there was no hurry, and that we could take time."

"Take time sir!" cried the Doctor,

impetuously; "take time with affections blighted, a heart wasting away, a colour fading, and then we're to take time! I don't blame you, my dear Cecil. It's the cant of the day. But the truth is, we cannot. We must settle it all in black and white before a fortnight is over. You know it is a grave business; it isn't like a flirtation which fathers and mothers could smile at. This is a grave, deliberate engagement—th' issue of a life, my dear fellow. So what shall we do? Shall I see mamma or papa at once?"

"No, no—leave it all to me," said the young man, greatly scared. "I am sure there'll be a nice business, and frightful work. You don't know her when she's roused."

"She's not your mother, I believe?" said the Doctor, carelessly. "Well, I'm not behindhand either, when I'm roused. Just think it over, my dear boy. I must think of my child, you know: and with the thousand voices here gabbling trumpettongued—"

The young man started up. "What It has been told about?"

"Not at all," said the Doctor; "easy now; nothing of the kind. These things will leak out: and why shouldn't they? There's nothing to be ashamed of, or that you wouldn't stand by, eh? Just speak out plainly—what's in your mind. Out with it."

There was such a marked change in the Doctor's manner, something so defiant, so despotic, that the young man cowered under his eye. It seemed to him that the character had changed of a sudden, and that he himself had suddenly found a master. The Doctor at once put this impression to flight by a burst of good spirits, and an "I'll tell you as good news now

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as you ever heard in your whole life," and left him. He went up to the Leader Arms to disseminate the news, which, it must be said, he had kept very secret. But the time had come now for a complete "change of front, or back, or both," as the Doctor said; and he had resolved to let the matter ooze out. He would thus acquire solid public support. What he called letting it ooze out, was going up to the Leader Arms, announcing that he was so glad the Leaders were coming back, as it would bring matters to a head; and before the night was over everybody in the place had the news-the most astounding news that had been heard in the town for Well, the Doctor beats all, as he himself would say. How cleverly done! What a rise for her! There would be no standing them now. Some said it was a scandal, taking in a poor sickly lad when his family was away from him: it was a disgrace to the town. But to hear Mr. Ridley, the Doctor's old enemy, on it, in a group consisting of Lord Shipton, Mr. Ridley, Colonel Bouchier, and some other gentlemen, all discussing it in the club-room at the Leader Arms, was, indeed, somewhat

A low intriguer and adventurer that ought to be handed over to the police. I declare if I had a cheque for fifty pounds, I wouldn't leave it on my desk, with that

man in the next room."

"What, Findlater!" barked the colonel. "Nonsense! as good a fellow as ever walked: so far from that, he's just the man would let me have a fifty to-morrow, if I wanted it."

"He would, if you didn't want it," said Lord Shipton with a laugh. "I'd lend any amount that I had to spare, which of course I haven't, to any one that didn't want it."

"He'll be exposed yet. That fellow has some dirty history that will be hunted up yet. Remember, I prophesy it here, standing in this room. You've all taken him up, and I tell you foolishly and ridiculously; you've let yourselves be talked round with his blarney, and soft sawder, and his whisky."

"Talked round with whisky: not so

bad," said Lord Shipton.
"Well, come, Shipton," said the colonel, roughly, "I have seen you admiring that whisky pretty well, and, for that matter, a stone jar or two put into that queer coach you drive about in. It's not handsome of you to run down poor Fin in this way."

The colonel was a really honest good

fellow, who was heartily liked. He stood by poor Fin; really liked that physician, and was heartily glad that the foolish lad Leader had picked up so fine a girl as Miss Katey. Any little co-operation that he could give, he was determined should not be wanting.

At last here were the Leaders arrived at Leadersfort: with their carriages, new servants. French cook; and, in a day or two, a perfect band of distinguished guests was expected down. The lifeless body had now got back its soul: the jewels were once more in the casket. So Lord A. was kind enough to recommend a discarded chef, who had been impudent; and Lady B. was good enough to insist that a superannuated housekeeper, past her work, should be taken in; and other noble people were indulgent enough to patronise the Leader family, and force on them grooms, footmen, dairymaids, clerks, until the establishment was full to bursting. came the upholsterers, with that valuable countersign, carte blanche; and a number of genteel, black-coated, and very gentlemanly fellows were seen fluttering about Leadersfort. "Carte blanche, indeed!" as the Doctor might have said. "No, but it's the carts that blanched, and well they might, from the loads they had to carry. They fitted up their decorations with an indecorous latitude, daubing in gold and gilding, tumbling in furniture, mirrors, carpets everywhere. It was presently quite ready.

In two days it was known that the Countess of Seaman and her daughters had arrived, with old Dick Lumley, a drawing-room veteran, whose social campaign had almost begun with Waterloo, and a useful skirmishing party of young men, who were virtually recommended for these duties by the countess; much as Mr. Gunter would send down half a dozen trained waiters who could be depended upon. Of course it was not done in this rude, calling-a-spade-a-spade fashion; for these young gentlemen were duly presented, and made Mrs. Leader's acquaintance in the regular way; but it was all the time privately understood that a residence at Leadersfort was to follow. The house was now full—the stables were also full: the whole festival was in "grand swing:" and invitations to a ball and supper had gone forth, in obedience to the wishes of Lady Seaman, who wished to see what the people of the district were like.

Now the reader will probably wonder

what the Doctor and Mrs. Leader were about all this time. For they seemed like two opposing armies drawn up, and it was a nice question who was to make the first advance. It was really a very delicate business for both sides: though Mrs. Leader, having a genuine and sincere contempt for such low people, did not think them worthy of even formal recognition as enemies, and would see neither danger nor importance in the situation. She had got her step-son under her roof, and there was Miss Fountain, a good girl, well suited to him in every way, and who had almost taken a liking to him already.

The Doctor, on his side, had determined to wait for a few days; but the step, boldly and defiantly carried out, of transferring the prize to Leadersfort, determined him. So purchasing a pair of yellow "kids," he walked up to the house, choosing the period when he knew they were at lunch.

Not one bit fluttered, as cool as possible, he stood at the door in presence of a supercilious London menial—with hair as "if you had dipped him in plaster-of-paris"—and asking to see Mrs. Leader with an intimate tone, as if he knew the place and its ways, was checked haughtily.

"Beg pardon, family at lunch."

"To be sure, to be sure," said the Doctor.

"As if we couldn't see all their backs through these regiments of windows reaching to the ground! They'll be glad to see me at it too."

"What name, then?" said the menial, haughtily. "I'll take it in and see."

"All right, and I'll follow it in."

"You carn't, you carn't. I must beg---"
But the Doctor was in the dining-room in a moment, smiling and beaming on the

august company.

The chicken skin that cruel Nature had furnished to Mrs. Leader, instead of human material, flushed crimson. Lady Seaman, a high lean bust, with lovely bands to her hair, "regular gable ends," the Doctor said, turned to him with ferocious inquiry: many an eye-glass went up; the hum and chatter ceased.

"How are you, Mrs. Leader? Welcome back to the castle. Just dropped in to look after my patient, whom I think I repaired, and restored, with some effect. Eh, Mr. Leader?"

"Indeed, I must say," said that gentleman, "I never saw any one so improved. Won't you"— (this with hesitation)—"sit down and have a little lunch?"

"Thanks, I will: the morning has made

me peckish." And he found a place beside one of the guests, who made room for him. It was rather a trying scene for the country Doctor: those strange faces so cold and perfectly at ease, a whole platoon of them, as he said. Their language and allusions were all foreign to him. A new dialect. The "alderman herself," so he dubbed the lady with the "gable-shaped front, where the swallows might build with comfort," spoke in clear, sharp tones about strange and wonderful people, dukes and marquises, and "dear Lady Fowler," and that "nice Lady Mary," while all the time Mrs. Leader listened in adoration, murmuring, "Ah! yes to be sure!" "No, Lady Seaman?" "Indeed, Lady Seaman." The young men were so gay, and free, and chatty; while Dick Lumley, wearing a pink tie and a morning-coat, was telling a diverting story, wherein other "dear Lady Marys," and "Loftus," and such aristocratic names, sparkled and glittered. Was it any wonder that our Doctor, looking about him, and listening, felt downhearted in presence of the appalling difficulties that were before him?

The grand subject about him seemed to be the projected entertainment - a ball, which was to be preceded by some sort of show, tableaux vivans, as well as the Doctor could make out. There was a tall, fair, bilious-looking young man, dressed to perfection, who seemed to be the acknowledged head and mover in these arrangements, whose name was the Honourable Albert Peto, Lord Tynladie's son. This young gentleman was one of the weak souls who flutter about society, feeble in speech, mind, everything; a feebleness and susceptibility combined, and yet who succeeds. His brain, as the Doctor said, would only fill a pillbox; yet he talked and was listened to, and had influence. He spoke about "leading a cotillon," last winter, and the Doctor heard him saying: "I was half killed with leading 'em; I was booked for two every night. The only thing that got me through was not getting up till four: then taking a whole bottle of champagne, at six precisely, and not a drop of any other wine; only for that I never could have got through

The Doctor had his eyes fixed on him in admiration.

"That was a true inchtinet," he said to his neighbour, "and inchtinet's better than science sometimes. I couldn't have prescribed anything better myself."

Pleased with this indorsement, though

it was not addressed to him directly, Mr. Peto went on complacently.

"Oh, I have often told people what was good for them before now," said Mr. Peto. "There's nothing like a judicious amount of champagne. The doctors prescribe it. Lady Marystone was kept alive two years on it. You know that in your practice."

"To be sure," said the Doctor, heartily, "perfectly right: at times it is worth the Dublin pharmacopœia." On this foundation the Doctor rapidly ran up a structure

of acquaintanceship.

He was listening all the time, and heard that this young gentleman had also undertaken the direction of the forthcoming tableaux. Mrs. Leader had given him full powers. He was getting down Gay, the eminent costumier, who arranged it all at Banffshire, where the duke had tableaux last year; also a scenic artist, whose pictorial gifts were described very much in the same way. Gradually the Doctor made his way, as he always contrived to do: one by one he drew in the people sitting round him, until he got launched in one of his comic stories, which, in spite of themselves, convulsed some of these genteel folk. Mrs. Leader, at the top of the table, was much disturbed at this forward intimacy.

"Who on earth is this?" said Mr. Lumley, whom the laughter had inter-rupted. "What a strange fellow!"

"Oh, that-Doctor," said Mrs. Leader, in great distress; "a very assumptive person. You saw how he introduced himself here, presuming on his attending

"One of the boisterous Irish," said Mr. Lumley, fixing his glass in his eye—a very dim eye-for the old beau was past seventy. "Dreadful fellows to have much to do with. I was at Dublin Castle, and ought

"Oh, yes," said the lady, "a terrible scheming person, he and his family—you can have no idea."

"Ah! so I heard this morning. Pretty daughters, and Mr. Cecil hit hard."

Mrs. Leader became confidential, and dropped her voice. "Oh, dreadful!" she went on; "you can't imagine the lengths they have gone to about Cecil. I assure you we only just got here in time."

"Oh, that's the old story; just a flirtation, to be forgotten to-morrow. The way would be, of course, to ignore the whole thing; not to be brought to see it by any manner of means—a thing out of nature, and too ludicrous to be thought of a

moment. That was the way Lady Dashwood did;" and old Dick Lumley dropped his voice, and proceeded to unfold details. He was, indeed, a cold, hollow, selfish old forager, with amazing vitality and power of pushing himself. But it was people of title that he loved and relished. Among mere plebeians he was uncomfortable, wretched even; and some of his friends said that if he could bring his mind to look towards that low and levelling creature Death, he would take care that he should be laid genteelly as near to dear Lord Blank as possible, or between the Honourable Dash and Sir Thomas.

The Doctor, during this lunch, picked up, as he called it, many details about what was going on, or about to go on. Several young ladies had been engaged to take part in these tableaux, and Mr. Peto dwelt with rapture on the two Miss St. Maurs, the business of whose life such performances almost seemed to be. He enlarged on their merits with rapture, to which Mrs. Leader listened with an almostmournful interest. "You see," she said, "it would be charming, but-but, you see,

we don't know them.'

"Oh, if that's all, I could get them for you easily. They are not shy girls, and never stand upon ceremony."

This had been arranged, and Mrs. Leader, in a tumult of gratitude always for any favours that had relation to the fashionable world, could not express all she felt to her guest. Though full of purpose and clearness in other respects, on this point she was childishly weak and

helpless.

After the lunch there was a walk, and Mr. Cecil Leader, made a vast deal of in the house by every one-perhaps according to a mot d'ordre—and never left a moment to himself, was absorbed into a game of croquet on the lawn. It seemed to the Doctor that this young man was avoiding him, and became uneasy, always "skulking off," as the Doctor called it. But, "easy, Peter, all in good time!" was the Doctor's whispered comment to himself. However, he had this bit of satisfaction. When they were all lounging about the trim-shaven lawn, looking at the game, and at a short lull in the exciting sport, the Doctor walked boldly up to Cecil, and said, in a loud, cheerful voice: "Mind, we'll expect you to dinner, Mr. Leader."

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The young man looked confused, and then made excuses. "Oh, to-day, you

know, there's company."

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"Oh, no excuse will be taken. Katey told me to give you the message herself."

Cecil looked at the young lady destined for him, and who was now beside him. He was dreadfully confused. Some near him had caught the words. Mrs. Leader was coming across. He cast an imploring look at his master.

"I must be off," said the Doctor, gaily, "and mind you are due, or perhaps," still more gaily, "I may be coming up again to look for you. Good-bye, Mrs. Leader: I was telling Mr. Cecil we're keeping a knife and fork for him at six. My two girls insist on it.'

"Oh, impossible," said the lady, contemptuously, "quite impossible; he mustn't think of it. He has his duties here." think of it.

"Oh! but quite possible, Mrs. Leader," said the Doctor. "He'll come, never fear. This is an old engagement. Shall I call up for you, Mr. Cecil? All right, don't forget us at six." And the Doctor bowed to all the company with great grace, and took his leave. There was a strange and vexed look on Mrs. Leader's face, and she at once went to take counsel with her husband, and the result of the deliberations was made known to the Doctor in a letter which reached him that afternoon.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose a draft for fifty pounds, which I trust you will consider sufficient remuneration for your attendance on my son during his illness. He is now quite restored, I am happy to say, so we shall not have occasion for any further visits on your part, previous to his departure on a foreign tour.

> I am, sir, Yours sincerely, THOMAS LEADER.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

In the month of August, 1858, the University of Jena celebrated its hundredth jubilee, and it was at this festival that two names shone out like stars upon the past of the Thuringian alma mater. They were those of Alexander von Humboldt and Ernst Moritz Arndt. Of these two, the latter was absent from the festivity, to the great regret of all present, who drank to the health and well-being of the great German patriot, poet, and historian. Insensibly, while shouting forth their enthusiastic cheers, they fell into singing the national song he had given to Germany,

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and with which his memory has become for ever associated. It was on this occasion that Arndt wrote the following letter to Dr. Robert Keil, who, together with his brother, was at that time editing a history of the student-life of Jena:

Bonn, 13th of the Harvest-month, 1858.

Jena (so ran the end of the letter) celebrates within the next few days its third great anniversary. They have kindly invited me, an overaged man, to this festival, but my years say to me, "Stay at home. The honour and pleasures of this great festival might carry you, who are so venturesome and so easily excited, away in its joyful rushing tide, and wash down and bear you off, you who are but a half-withered pine." I shall therefore bless you from the distance, and cry: "Vivat Thuringia et omnes Thuringi et Hermun-

But, notwithstanding his own comparison, he was no half-withered pine. and firm he still stood planted in that German soil he had loved so truly, and he was still fresh and strong on the 26th of December, 1859, when his ninetieth birthday was celebrated as a day of rejoicing by the whole nation. He was inundated with addresses, orations, telegrams, and letters, and it was in answer to one of the letters from Dr. Robert Keil that he wrote this characteristic note:

Bonn, 12 Winter-month, 1860.

Thanks, hearty thanks, for all your kind congratulations. I have been almost overwhelmed with good wishes, honours, and pleasures on my entry into my ninety-first year, and to-day I am still tired from the overpowering load. I will see if God intends me to be a German centenarian wonder, and will continue my pilgrimage bravely.

How powerfully do these words affect us in this year of grace, 1870, when, if he had lived, the good Father Arndt, and had become the centenarian he spoke of, he might have beheld his beloved hope of seeing the Germans united on the verge of realisation.

The saying is trite that events repeat themselves, that there is nothing new under the sun, that all things move in a cycle. Yet it seems curiously verified just now. Once more the whole German people rise up as one man against the incursions of a Napoleon, and, as if further to repeat the similarity, the same songs that were sung

by the gallant warriors of 1813-15 ring once more along the length and breadth of the land. It is, therefore, at this moment, when singing on all occasions his patriotic song, Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? (What is the German's Fatherland?) and feeling all the pristine intensity of the words, Wo jeder Franzmann heiszet Feind (Where every Frenchman is called Foe), there is surely no man whose name rises oftener into the people's minds than Ernst Moritz Arndt.

And who was this man whom the populace loved so reverentially that his familiar appellation among them was Vater Arndt

(Father Arndt)?

Ernst Moritz Arndt was born December 26th, 1769, at Schoritz, in the island of Rügen. His father, who was a Swede of low extraction, was a nobleman's steward, who, by his own exertions, had raised himself in life. Owing to the straitened circumstances of Arndt's parents, and also to the remote part of the country in which they lived, he was not sent to school early in life. A very strict, even stern, discipline was, however, maintained in the family, and in the autumn and winter months, when the parents had less to do, they held a kind of school with their children. The father taught writing and arithmetic, the mother superintended the reading, which did not, however, extend beyond the hymn-book and the Bible. Arndt's mother needed singularly little sleep-a peculiarity he inherited from her, and gained him the nickname "lark" among his brothers and sisters; and so it happened that he would often sit up talking and reading with her till past midnight. In the summer and spring there was little schooling for the children, except what they could learn in the fields and woods; and at the time when all hands had to assist, the elder boysand Ernst was the eldest of all-had to lend a helping hand.

In 1780, the Arndt family changed their dwelling-place for a north-western corner of the island, not far from Stralsund, and here a master was engaged for the children. In 1787, Ernst was sent to the Gymnasium at Stralsund, where he was at once placed in the second class, which showed that his acquirements were rather above than below the average. After this he was sent to the University of Greifswald to study theology. Here he remained for two years, then went to Jena to continue his studies there, but after some months returned home to assist in the education of his brothers and sisters.

At the same time he began to preach in the neighbourhood, and with such good effect that he might soon have received an excellent living. But he turned himself away from these prospects, and wished to throw up theology. He wanted to see the world; and at last, by the assistance of his father, he was enabled to undertake, in 1798, an eighteen months' journey through Hungary, Austria, Italy, and France, returning home by Brussels, Frankfort, and Berlin.

Then, after many considerations as to his future career, he settled as privat docent in Greifswald, married a daughter of one of the professors, and was in 1805 created professor himself. He was then

already a widower.

It was at this period of his life that Arndt first began to be a political writer. The events of the time roused his hot blood and filled him with anger against the French, and his first pamphlet, Germanien und Europa, he himself entitles as "nothing but a wild and fragmentary bubbling forth of his opinions on the world's position in 1802."

His next literary work, Geschichte der Leibeigenschaft in Pomern und Rügen (History of Serfdom in Pomerania and Rügen), which excited great animosity among the German nobility, was destined to acquaint him with the pleasures and woes to which an author was subjected in those times.

The work was directed against a trade in human beings then still carried on in these countries, the perpetrators of which

took deep offence at the book.

"Some of them," says Arndt in his autobiography, "gave the book into the hands of my king, Gustav Adolf the Fourteenth, and showed him, underlined with red, several places in the same where I had made some, as they thought, too free and unseemly remarks about long since deceased rulers of Sweden. The gentlemen would have liked to involve me in an action for high treason. The king, in his first anger, had sent the book with its dangerous red pencil-marks to the then Governor of Pomerania, and Chancellor of the University of Greifswald, Freiherr von Essen, with the command to bring the bold author to account. General von Essen invited me to Stralsund; he indicated to me who were my prosecutors, and showed me the red danger marks with the question, 'How I meant to help myself in this ugly business, for the king seemed very angry and disgusted?' I begged for the book

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and a pencil, underlined a good many passages in which the injustice and fearfulness of these circumstances were demonstrated, and prayed him if he would not show these also to His Majesty. This he did, and the king answered: 'If this is so, the man is right.' And so I returned to Greifswald without a hair of my head being touched. Several years later, however, the same king abolished this state of

hines."

In 1804, German affairs began to interest Arndt more and more, and he issued at that time the first part of that work, since become so famous, Geist der Zeit (Spirit of the Time). As a boy, he had been brought up to be enthusiastic for Sweden, and from his earliest years he was a monarchist. Notwithstanding, however, that his heart was very Swedish, every victory of the French over the Germans cut him to the soul. But it was only slowly that the feeling of how German his sympathies were awoke in him. Not even in the darkest days, when Napoleon had trodden down all Germany under his relentless iron heel, did Arndt despair of its ultimate resurrection its better future and greatness. It was in this mood he published his Geist der Zeit, which determined his whole future career. In it he comforted sorrowing Germany, and tried to animate it with hope. After the battle of Jena, he left Trantow, where he had been working, for such a French hater as he could no longer feel himself safe there. And when, in 1809, the house of Wasa fell, and the French general, Bernadotte, was called to the throne, Arndt would no longer stay in Stockholm. He went to Berlin, and lived there, as a master of languages, under the name of Allmann. In 1812 he went to Russia, which at that time was the centre of all the excitement for Germany and German life. He went there by invitation of the Freiherr von Stein, who had been driven into banishment by Napoleon, and who knew Arndt only from his writings.

It was a curious sign of the times that the men of freedom had to seek their asylum

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Here Stein, Arndt, and several officers, worked for the institution of a German legion; in short, Russia, in the winter of 1812, was the hearth on which the enthusiasm for German freedom was fanned. Once more Arndt swept his lyre, and heart-stirring songs, powerfully exciting broadsides, were the result. After Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, a new life seemed to

animate Prussia. Every one was carried away by the tide of popular enthusiasm; men tore themselves from wife and child, students left their colleges, schoolboys scarcely capable of bearing arms exchanged the pen for the sword. All was animation, excitement.

Arndt, then forty-three years old, rejoiced, and exclaimed, "What the song has sung has become reality;" and it was then he wrote his ever-memorable poem, Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? In April, 1813, Arndt followed Stein to Dresden, and here, in the house of Appellations-Rath Körner-father of Arndt's great rival in patriotic song, the youthful author of Leier und Schwerdt (Lyre and Sword)-he met Goethe. Goethe had come to Dresden en route for his yearly expedition to Carlsbad and Töplitz. He spoke hopelessly of German affairs, and once, when old Körner was speaking of his son, pointing to his sword that hung on the wall, he said, "Oh, good people, you may shake your chains, you cannot break them; the man is too great for you."

After the battle of Leipzig appeared Arndt's pamphlet Der Rhein, Deutschland's Strom aber nicht Deutschland's Grenze (the Rhine, Germany's Stream, but not Germany's Boundary). In 1818, he published the fourth part of his Geist der Zeit, which gave umbrage at court, and in 1820 he was suspended from his position as professor of modern history at Bonn, whither he had been called in 1818. He was subjected to an examination for high treason, which lasted until the summer of 1822; he was, however, acquitted, but compelled to retire into private life. following years he wrote more than ever, and his love for his Vaterland remained

unshaken.

It was happily destined to be rewarded, for the first great act of justice worthy of a king, performed by Frederick William the Fourth after his accession, was formally to reinstate Arndt in the professorate.

"At last," he tells us in his autobiography, "came the year 1840, when King Frederick William the Fourth reinstated me. Twenty years I had lain still, like old iron, and rusted. I was over seventy, too old for a fresh living mouth. In the age when all the wisest descend the chair of instruction, I was to ascend it to speak. I hesitated and hesitated, in the feeling that my trumpet was blasted long ago, that it was an os magna sonans no longer, that I could be merely a sounding name for the

university without tone. But my position was such that refusal of the royal grace would have been looked upon as obstinacy. I therefore accepted, and let myself be led once more on to the long barred academic chair. Then I obtained, besides other signs of royal grace, the return of all my papers, for which I had often begged in vain."

Arndt's reinstalment was greeted with joyful acclamations by the town of Bonn, the Rhinelands, aye, of all Germany. He resumed his lectures, which were attended by enthusiastic audiences, who listened with delight to his vigorous and animated discourses.

His last years were spent quietly among his family; he lived in a pretty house of his own building, with a splendid view over the Rhine towards the Siebengebirge. He had married again, and this time his wife was Marie Schleiermacher, sister of the famous Schleiermacher, a brave, true woman, who bore pleasure and pain nobly with her noble husband.

Quietly, and without pain, Arndt passed away on the 29th of January, 1860; he was buried under a stately oak in a grave of his own choosing. May the earth be light to the good fighter! He had seen his people sunk in deepest oppression; he had watched, aided, and encouraged them in their revi-Arndt, as we have said before, was a monarchist, and he remained so through all chances and changes; he had not even an idea of theoretic republicanism; his ideal was a united Germany, under a king or emperor, with the smaller powers as vassals, and this ideal he held to the last. often prayed that the time might at length be at hand when the legend should be fulfilled, and Barbarossa should awake from his long sleep under the earth, break his rocky grave, and call all Germany together once more. As an indication whence he looked for this regenerator may serve his broadside, entitled Noch eine kleine Ausgieszung in die Sündfluth, in which he vindicated the Prussian claims to German sovereignty. This, like all his political tracts, was full of fiery eloquence, and, scattered in hundreds of thousands over the land, did more than aught else to awaken the national consciousness of the Germans, and to inflame popular indignation against the French yoke. He has also left a goodly volume of poems, not all of which are political, though those are his best, possessing that wonderfully powerful stir and swing which lyrics must possess to become truly popular and national. It is impossible to read his verses without becoming infected by his enthusiasm, and inspired by his earnestness.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS.

It is unfortunate for the working-men that their International Industrial Exhibition at Islington should be contemporaneous with the terrible war which has broken out on the Continent. This is one among the minor evils which spring from war; the graver national miseries we do not touch upon here. There might have been more articles sent from the Continent for exhibition if peace and industry had continued to rule, and thereby more facilities afforded for instituting comparison between English handicraft and that of foreign countries. Then, again, a period of war excitement is not conducive to the success of an exhibition in a financial sense. When we are tempted by several editions of the newspapers every day, each ushered in by startling placards relating to the scenes of war and the intrigues of diplomacy, we are scarcely in the mood to ramble quietly among objects of peaceful industry, and to judge dispassionately of the comparative merits of the various articles displayed. Nay, the very word international becomes distorted at such a time; seeing that we cannot fail to be indignant against some (at least) of the nations which have plunged Europe into the horrors of carnage and destruction.

And yet such an exhibition as that which has been on view at the Agricultural Hall is interesting in many points of view. It marks one stage in a double inquiry-how far can industrial exhibitions be made more and more international, and how far can they be planned and carried out by workingmen? Those who are old enough to have participated in the gay doings of nineteen years ago, will well remember the first really Great Exhibition of all Nations, held in Sir Joseph Paxton's palace of glass in Hyde Park in 1851. Two years afterwards two others were held, smaller in scale, but analogous in character-one in Dublin, and the other at New York. They were not successful commercially, for reasons which need not be traced here; but they familiarised Ireland and America with the idea of international industrial exhibitions. Then came the imperial display at Paris in 1855, still more extensive than that which Prince Albert had been instrumental in forming in Hyde Park four years before. This was followed by our International Exhibition at

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Brompton in 1862, the Dublin Exhibition in 1865, and the Paris Exhibition in 1867the last being the greatest ever held in any country, both in the vastness of the building and the number and value of the articles exhibited. Next came the Amsterdam International Exhibition of 1869, small compared with the others, but creditable to a country having so limited an area as Hol-And now, if present promises are to be followed by due fulfilment, we are to have a series of annual international exhibitions in a new building at South Kensington, the first to take place in 1871; each collection to be international in character, all foreign and colonial countries being invited to take part in it; but each to be limited in range, by selecting some only among the various branches of in-

dustry to be illustrated.

To France seems to be due the credit of having been the first to introduce industrial exhibitions on any considerable scale, relating either to one particular country, or to one city or district in that country. The first was held at Paris in 1798, just when France was changing from Jacobinism to Napoleonism: it consisted chiefly of articles of art manufacture, borrowed for the occasion from wealthy owners, and not contributed by manufacturers. Another was held in 1802; and for the next half-century such exhibitions were held at intervals of three years, except during certain periods of political interruption. By this means the French, and the Parisians especially, became accustomed to the sight of objects of art manufacture, which (there can be little doubt) has contributed towards the cultivation of artistic taste among manufacturers and workmen. In England the industrial exhibitions (setting aside those of an international character already adverted to) have been of two kinds; they have related either to some particular town or district, or to some particular trade or branch of manufacture; indeed, some of them have been limited to one district and to one trade. The Cornish Polytechnic Society for a long period held annual exhibitions of everything relating to the mining of copper and tin, specimens of the ores and products, and models and drawings of the machinery. Manchester has held more than one exhibition of cotton and machinery, Leeds of cloth and flax, Birmingham of metal goods and trinkets, Dublin of poplins and other Irish produce, Liverpool of articles of commerce, and so on. Cork had its local exhibition in 1852; and, indeed, most of the chief towns in the king-

dom have done something in this way. Some of the towns of Holland, France, Belgium, Italy, and other foreign countries have, in a similar way, had their local exhibitions of industry once, if not more frequently. One of the best of its kind was the Havre Maritime Exhibition of 1868, where everything relating to the sea and the river, the boat and the ship, the fish and the fish-nursery, the aquarium and the marine plant, the sailor and the fisherman, the net and the hook, was very pleasantly And another (although our illustrated. distance from it shut us out from much knowledge of it) was the recent Moscow Exhibition, peculiarly national or ethnogra-

phical in a Slavonic sense.

The workmen, the journeymen, the operatives, the mechanics, the artisans (call them which we may), receiving weekly wages for their weekly labour, had scarcely anything to do with the organisation of the several exhibitions above noticed. If not set on foot, supported, and managed by governments, these industrial displays were commenced by town councils or municipalities; if not by them, then by the leading manufacturers of a particular locality, men who were able to subscribe a fund to meet preliminary expenses, and who could lend beautiful specimens of workmanship out of the ample stores in their shops, warehouses, and showrooms. It is obviously a difficult thing for working-men to organise and carry out any scheme of this kind. If their time be worth (say) sixpence an hour, it becomes a serious matter for them to devote many hours to such a project. If only the hours after work be devoted, there must be many helpers and many evenings before much progress can be made. A Working-Man's Industrial Exhibition may be interpreted in two ways; it may either mean an exhibition planned and maintained almost wholly by working-men; or it may mean an exhibition fostered and guaranteed by persons of ampler means, but for the express purpose of identifying the actual workman with the excellence of the work produced, instead of allowing the honour to go (as it usually does) to the employer or the shopkeeper. It may be well to glance briefly at what has been done, under both these aspects, in past years.

In the spring of 1864 was opened the South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition—rather a lengthy designation. It was held at the Lambeth Baths, the large swimming-bath being cleaned out, and made to do duty as an exhibition—

room. Several gentlemen connected with Surrey Chapel aided in setting the affair afloat, but the working - men themselves undertook the greater part of the management. With twopence as the admission fee, and one penny for a catalogue, there was nothing in the way of cost to frighten away working-men's families, who were specially desired as visitors. It was modestly stated at the outset, that "as this exhibition can only be considered in the light of an experiment, and is mainly managed by working-men, it is earnestly hoped that all who in any way take part in it will endeavour to make the experiment a suc-There were about one hundred and fifty exhibitors, mostly working-men residing on the Surrey side of the water. The articles contributed were, for convenience of arrangement and inspection, placed under seven classes, designated useful, ingenious, scientific, artistic, literary, curious, ornamental, and amusing. There was no lack of the curious and amusing, for some of the men certainly exercised their brains in the production of pleasant conceits. One exhibitor, a tin-plate worker, displayed a "perfect cure" chimney-top, for smoky chimneys: an all-in-one coalscuttle, for twelve daily purposes: a corrugated conical smoky chimney cure; an antihard egg-boiling saucepan, which lifted out the egg when properly cooked; and a thief detector, to strike a light, ring a bell, and pull a chain across the door if a burglary be attempted. Another exhibitor made an apparatus competent to wake a sleeper, strike a match, light a lamp, and boil a cup Another displayed a mechanical of coffee. pump, with a miniature man who pumped up a glass of lemonade whenever a visitor dropped a halfpenny into a particular box. These oddities attracted quite as much attention as the really good specimens of manufactured work.

The small affair at South Lambeth having paid its small expenses, and gratified a considerable number of visitors, suggested another attempt in another part of the This was held at the Agriculmetropolis. tural Hall, Islington, in the autumn of the same year, and was called the North London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition. It was a bold step to engage so large a hall; but as the applications for space were very numerous, the managers ventured to do so; and the result justified their determination. There were eight hundred and sixty exhibitors, mostly residing in the northern part of the metropolis. It was frankly

in view was not so much to display the skill of workmen in their own particular trades, as to bring together a collection likely to attract and interest general visitors. The committee, in assuming that the greater portion of the articles exhibited would consist of amateur contributions, took the following view of the average condition of working-men in relation to such matters: "An artisan seldom chooses as a recreation that branch of industry of which his daily occupation consists. If actively or laboriously employed during the day, drawing, painting, or model-making is generally practised to occupy his leisure hours; while he who follows a sedentary occupation almost invariably resorts to some more active method of utilising his spare time." There was evidently here a desire to encourage ingenuity in amateur work, rather than to develop the skill of each artisan in his own particular trade. The committee adopted a mode of classification different to that which had prevailed at Lambeth; they grouped the articles under the headings professional workmanship, amateur productions, inventions and novel contrivances, mechanical models, architectural and ornamental models, artistic objects, ladies' work of all kinds, and (that most unsatisfactory of all groups) miscellaneous. The exhibition was really a curious and attractive one, and drew such crowds of visitors that the proceeds left a handsome surplus after all expenses were defrayed. In the same year a small but curious industrial collection was exhibited by the Painters' Company, at their hall in one of the small dusky streets in the City. It was intended "to stimulate the exertions of those engaged in the painting trade," and comprised specimens of four kinds of work-decoration, graining, marbling, and writing. It was a very good attempt within its prescribed

These doings in 1864 led to immense activity in 1865, when no less than eight industrial exhibitions were held in the metropolis, some special, but mostly gene-One was the Coachmakers' Industrial Exhibition, held at Coachmakers' Hall; another, the South London, an improvement on the former display in Lambeth; a third, the Model Lodging Houses Industrial Exhibition, at St. Martin's Hall, consisting of ingenious articles made by the inmates of model dwellings; a fourth, the West London, held at the Floral Hall, Covent Garden; a fifth, the South-Eastern, held, by official permission, in the Painted admitted from the outset that the object | Hall at Greenwich Hospital; a sixth, the

North-Eastern, held at the Agricultural Hall: a seventh, the East London, held at the Beaumont Institution, Mile-end; and the eighth held at the Crystal Palace, under the designation of the Anglo-French Working-Class Exhibition of Skilled Work, intended "to celebrate the fiftieth year of peace between two powerful nations in a manner at once appropriate and suggestive." Of these several exhibitions each had something to say for itself. At Coachmakers' Hall the articles exhibited bore relation to one particular trade. At Lambeth the display was an amplified edition of that in the preceding year. At St. Martin's Hall the exhibition was only open a fortnight, and made no pretension to formal classification of the articles exhibited. At the Floral Hall there was rather a strong element of West-end support to the exhibition; the articles were grouped in eight divisions, and there were upwards of a thousand exhibitors. At Greenwich the primary rule was observed, that "no article be exhibited which is not the work or design of the exhibitor," a real carrying out of the theory of a working-man's exhibition. At the Agricultural Hall the arrangements bore much resemblance to those of the exhibition at the same place in the preceding year. At Mile-end the Eastenders contrived to get together a small collection of curious industrial miscellanies. At the Crystal Palace the commodities exhibited belonged chiefly to the rank of art manufactures, and were contributed by shopkeepers rather than by workmen.

The year 1866 was less busy. There were only two industrial exhibitions worth noticing, the City of London, and the Me-The former, tropolitan and Provincial. held in Guildhall by permission of the Corporation, consisted of about a thousand exhibits, which the committee elaborated into no fewer than thirty-three distinct classes. The Metropolitan and Provincial was the third of the exhibitions held at the Agricultural Hall, and was supplemented by contributions from the provinces. The years 1867 and 1868 were nearly blank, possibly because working-men were much engaged in the discussion of political questions at that time. In 1869 was held the third of the Lambeth exhibitions, with pretty nearly the same characteristics as before.

Thus it will be seen that working-men's exhibitions, more or less worthy of the name, have been pretty numerous. But the present is the first attempt to combine the international element with the work-

man element. If it should meet with only partial success we need not feel much surprised; for there are many difficulties attending such an enterprise. Considering the expense and trouble of bringing articles of exhibition from Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, and Bavaria, we may rather marvel that the number of foreign exhibitors is so high as seven hundred and forty, than that it is no higher. It does not appear that workmen are the chief exhibitors; but an endeavour has been made to identify the skilled artisan with his work by mentioning his name as well as that of his employer, who is usually the exhibitor. As to the classification or grouping, it is a curious fact that no two exhibitions of the kind now under description ever agree; as sure as there is a new exhibition, so sure is it that there will be a new classification. The number and names of the classes at the present Agricultural Hall display need not be given here; but we will just mention, that Miscellaneous being thrown into the same group with Food and Raw Materials. can hardly be deemed a happy juxtaposition. Another matter we may mention is, that of three hundred and sixty pictures lent for exhibition as a means of covering vacant spaces of wall, nearly all have the names of great masters attached to them in the catalogue, but with nothing to denote whether the pictures are to be understood as painted by, or merely copied from, the eminent artists named. The catalogue ought to tell the truth on this point.

The mention of artisans' names, just adverted to, has been adopted by many of the foreign exhibitors. Thus, in connexion with a display of patent skates from Stuttgart, eight workmen are named, with a notification of the kind of labour undertaken by each. Grüllmeyer, a metal-worker at Vienna, names the workman employed on each article. So does Dörner, the pianoforte maker of Wurtemburg. The Midland Railway Company adopts a similar plan in regard to locomotives made at Derby, the names of no less than thirty-seven artisans being named. Several engineering and cutlery firms do the like. A watchmaker in Clerkenwell records the names of the men who made the movement, dial, escapement, balance, and case of each watch, as well as the finisher and examiner. And, not to be outdone in this kind of justice, an embroidered petticoat is catalogued with the names of seven women or girls who were engaged upon it. One object contemplated by the committee was to contribute articles, such as a watch or a piano, "show-

ing in a complete series the various parts in which workmen are severally employed and the various steps by which it approaches completion." This has not been carried out to any great extent, but something of the kind has been done. As to the "dish to prevent dishonest bakers from purloining," it is one of the queer conceits sure to find entrance into such a collection; as to the large equatorial telescope made by a baker, it is really a remarkable specimen of amateur workmanship; as to the specimens lent by the India Department and the South Kensington Museum, they are such as we have all seen elsewhere; as to the Italian sculptures, many of them are very beautiful; and as to the bazaar-like trinkets, they call for no notice. Taking the display as a whole, however-despite the disturbing influences of war-it marks an interesting stage in the recognition of the workman element in industrial exhibitions.

WANING.

THE autumn days are waning, and the gold is on the leaf

The gold and crimson tint that paints with splendour bright and brief

The grand old oaks. The copper-red is on the bending beech,

The brown nuts rustle ripe and full above the schoolboy's reach.

The swallows gather 'neath the eaves; the first dull cloudy day

Will bear them all, on eager wings, to sunnier climes away: So is it oft, with us, alas! Our brief bright summer

enda, Comes winter resolute and stern; away troop summer

friends. The last rose blushes on her stem, in beauty all alone, Weeps summer gone, and sighs upon her solitary

throne: So is it with us at life's end. What reck, or pomp, or

gold,

If hairs grow grey, and we without some light of love,
grow old?

Pray God, there be not, one of us, whoever he may be,

Without some friend whom he may love, some child upon his knee! True love and friendship ever shine, with lustre all

alone!

their own, Since man was never made to live, and work, and die-

LOST WITH THE DEAD.

THE recollections that crowd upon my memory as I watch day by day the attitude of France and Prussia, carry me back to the battle-fields of 1859-60 in Europe. but more especially to the lengthened conflict between the Northern and Southern sections of the great American people. For nearly four years I assisted at almost every engagement of magnitude, fought through the length and breadth of states that, individually, might have compared with many European kingdoms in size and

It may be interesting, at this time, to the reader, before I relate some personal experience of one of the hardest stricken fields of the American war, to hear something of the bearing of a young army, on the night preceding its first great battle, that of Manassas. This passage of arms I witnessed from the Northern side, not having yet succeeded in reaching the Southern lines. It must be remembered that the troops composing both armies were mainly volunteers, who had never heard a shot fired in anger, and in the Federal ranks, with the exception of the foreign mercenaries, none had met the enemy face to face. Through the courtesy of one of the Northern commanders, I was enabled to accompany the Federal army to the field, and follow its movements till driven back in a routed condition on Washington.

My first bivouac-experiences with an American army contrasted strangely with the finished professional manner of the French and Sardinians, with whom I had recently been campaigning, and even with the irregular style of doing business of the Garibaldini, whose legions I had accompanied in Sicily and Southern Italy. Shortly after darkness had shrouded the camp, the whole of our division was disturbed and thrown into more or less confusion by a rattling fire of musketry, and it was not many seconds before I had shaken off my blanket and risen to my feet, with the full conviction, that a night attack was being made by the Southerners, whom we knew to be scarcely five miles from us. General Slocum, who had offered me such hospitality as his commissariat admitted of, and by whose side I was lying, quietly smoking, when the alarm rang out, rushed to the skirt of wood in which his men were camped, and from whence the firing came, and found that his pickets had been scared by the pickets from a Maine brigade, bivouacked in the clearing beyond, and, neither waiting to challenge, both had in mortal terror blazed away into each other. Fortunately little or no harm was done, the shooting being of the wildest description. Almost immediately following this lively episode, an orderly rode up to General Slocum, and handed him an order, which soon put the camp in another bustle. The instructions were for his brigade to be

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under arms by two o'clock on the following morning, and by half-past to form up in the position assigned to it on the main road. Men from each regiment were at once to cook three days' rations, and fires were built up and replenished for that purpose. Whilst the commissary sergeants were issuing the meat, of which, perhaps, few would stand in need, detachments were sent to the springs for water.

Somewhat excited and disinclined for rest, I strolled among the busy groups, glancing at recumbent men who, unable to sleep, were watching, in the red glare of the blazing wood, the preparations for their first battle-field. Instead of the usual riotous conduct of a camp, there was an oppressive solemnity, most of the watchers being busy with their thoughts of distant homes and the chances of the morrow; instead of laughter and noise, there were dull whisperings. Some, more energetic than others, were giving utterance to their thoughts on paper, seeking, as the flame rose and fell from the cooking-fires, to hold their-perhaps-last converse with absent friends. The faces I saw that night in the flickering glare would have been a study for Lavater. The penmen, with boards across their knees to serve as desks, would pause at intervals, and, peering into the glowing embers, seek earnestly for some halting thought. Others, extended at length, with their heads propped up by their elbows, were staring vacantly into the darkness of the night. There were some old soldiers, not to be mistaken, whose moustached features told of French or German nationality; men who had perhaps met with the Kabyles in the deserts of Africa, or had marched with the Austrians in the campaign against Hungary, or, under Benedek, through the plains of Lombardy. These, with the recklessness of old cartridgechewers, shuffled their dirty packs, and puffed their clouds of smoke, as they studied their hands of cards. But, taken altogether, there was a depression about the men, as though some grave uncertainty threatened them with evil, and each feared it might be his lot to suffer. As I have said before, it was mainly an army of untried volunteers.

At two o'clock A.M. the damp drums croaked the reveille in the chill of early morn. The shivering men moved spectrelike in the thick mist that shrouded the camp, and answered to the muster-roll in subdued voices. Close by where I had passed the short night stood the doctor's silence in the ranks need scarcely have

waggon, and the scenes around it bore strong evidence against the dignity and courage of man, and burlesqued the glorious circumstance and pomp of war. doctor, lantern in hand, was examining men who had come forward almost by companies to assert their inability to move with the troops, and their utter uselessness in the coming fight. rays of the doctor's light, when lifted to the patients' faces, led one to imagine there was some foundation for their statements, for never did I gaze on features more pale or eyes more restless. At the surgeon's request whole brigades of tongues were protruded for examination, but most of these were discovered to have been floured for the occasion. The favourite dodge of all was evidently the "rhenmatiz," which owed its popularity to the well-known suddenness of its attacks, and the inability of a medical man, especially under hurried circumstances, to "bowl out" the impostor, who, with excruciating shrieks at every touch, writhed under the manipulations of the surgeon. I distinctly remember the case of one Patrick Meenighan, an Irishman from New York, who was brought up for examination, having relays of fits on the way. The wretched man was foaming fearfully at the mouth, his eyes rolling, and every limb quivering with the spasms of his malady. One glance sufficed to convince the doctor the case was genuine, and he was about to pass the afflicted wretch to the care of the ambulance sergeant, when, unfortunately for Pat, he gave a sudden gulp, his hands pressed his collapsing stomach, his stare became fixed, whilst the frothing at the mouth sensibly diminished, and retching violently he exclaimed, with choking voice, "Holy Vargin! I've swallowed the soap!" Out of a hundred or so from one regiment claiming exemption from the coming battle, some half-dozen genuine cases were handed over to the hospital orderlies, and the others driven back with taunts and curses to their places in the ranks. The orders were now for the men to move silently to the road without beat of drum, so that the movement might be hidden as long as possible from the vigilance of the enemy.

Crowded together on that road, awaiting instructions to advance as soon as the leading columns should have taken the routes assigned to them, paused the army in the darkness of early morn and the still darker gloom of uncertainty. The order for been given, for no babbling tongues broke in on the depression which seemed to weigh on all alike. One might almost have fancied the men were still asleep, so quiet were they with heads bowed on the hands which clutched their rifles. Even the mounted officers sat motionless upon their horses, some with their foreheads stooping to the saddle bow; and from whispering sounds that escaped their lips they might have been praying.

Some two years later, when these soldiers of the people had grown veterans in the art of destruction, their bearing prior to a battle had changed considerably. Where they had no stomachs for fighting before, they had now become very gluttons, and slept as soundly in their bivouacs, awaiting the reveille that was to awake them perhaps to death, as ever they did in their own beds in peaceful times. It was notably so with the Southerners, whom I had joined shortly after the commencement of hostilities, that this great improvement had taken place. A long list of victoriesthough mostly barren ones-had given them confidence in their prowess, and they cheerfully prepared to meet the fresh armies which the North was for ever placing in the field.

Some two years later, then, I was hastening westwards with a detachment of troops belonging to Longstreet's corps, anxious to reach the general in time to assist at a great battle which threatened in the neighbourhood of Chattanooga. The pickets of the rival armies had been engaged daily, and a collision between the entire forces was imminent. Tired and dusty, I came up with the head-quarters of the first army corps bivouacked on the summit of a hill in a small enclosure that surrounded a planter's house. The palings that fenced off the ground had been torn down, and a battery, with the men lying by the guns, and infantry supports sleeping on their arms, now formed the only fence. A couple of tents had been pitched on the lawn for the accommodation of Generals Longstreet and McLaws, and around, covered by blankets, and their heads pillowed on saddles, lay sleeping the members of the staff. The only person disturbed by my late arrival was Captain Goree, who found me a covering, and I was soon stretched out like the rest. Considering that a large army was bivouacked in line of battle, we being near the left centre, the silence was remarkable; for beyond the occasional neighing or stamping of the horses, and the dull rumbling of baggage trains in the rear, not a sound jarred the still air as I settled myself to

It appeared to me that I had only just glided into the unconsciousness of slumber, when an unusual sound disturbed me, and made me restless. I grew uncomfortable, and threw my head from side to side, and at last became thoroughly aroused. There was no mistaking what had awakened me, for I saw it strike the ground some few yards in front of where we were lying. It was a three-inch rifled shell, but fortunately for us it did not explode, and only thudded into the soft earth. I twitched at Goree's blanket, and told him "to wake up, for we were being shelled," to which he, in

the coolest possible manner, replied: "I

know it; they've been at it some time." But the missiles were now coming fast and furious, and to think of any further rest was out of the question, so we rose in anything but a good temper, yawning and shivering to our feet. It was scarcely dawn, and a heavy veil of mist clung around the hill, making our plateau an island in a gauzy sea. It was impossible to discover the battery from which the shells came; all we knew was that they were being plentifully supplied at the rate of about half a dozen a minute. Whilst I was staring through the vapour in the direction from whence the firing proceeded, General McLaws made his appearance from his tent, in somewhat scanty costume, to inquire into the cause of the hubbub, but he was speedily satisfied, for one of these hollow bolts went through the canvas, and buried itself in the warm nest of blankets from which he had just emerged. A few seconds sooner and the general would have been caught napping. At the apex of this small hill, not more than an acre in extent, were massed, as I have stated, a regiment of infantry in support of a battery of artillery, and it is wonderful to me, considering that shot and shell were whizzing in all directions, that not one of the staff was hurt, and, indeed, that the list of casualties should have comprised only two killed and a few wounded. The family residing in the house had taken refuge in the cellar, where they could listen to the merry crashing going on above their heads as the solid shot tore through the scantling of the wood-constructed building.

As though undisturbed by the din, General Longstreet completed his toilet before issuing from his tent, and when he sauntered up to our circle, he was calmly filling his morning pipe. With a smiling a

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face he glanced at the dodging crowd, who were bowing politely to the missiles as they passed overhead, and asking what chances there were of a cup of coffee, ordered the negroes to mend the fire and prepare some. Then observing me for the first time, he greeted me heartily, and congratulated me on the warmth of my reception, for at that moment the firing became hotter than ever, causing the negro servants, whose business it was to get breakfast, to scatter in all directions. A quarter-master from the rear now galloped up to General Longstreet for instructions, and scarcely had he reined in his horse than a shell passed under the animal's belly, and crashed into a shanty close by. Both the brute and the rider were somewhat astonished at this, the one leaping into the air and snorting with terror, and the other staring round him with such a scared expression of comical wonderment that we all burst out laughing. "I reckon this is no place for quartermasters," was all he said, and away he went quicker than he came.

And then was fought the battle of Chicamaugha, probably more decisive in its immediate results than any other victory achieved by the Confederates, but unfortunately for the South, the general commanding-in-chief seemed incapable of appreciating the full extent of his success. The shattered columns of the enemy, instead of being followed up, were allowed to rally on Chattanooga, where, in a short time, they made themselves impregnable, and the war, instead of being nearer its end, was

only prolonged.

On reporting to General Bragg, General Longstreet had been appointed to the command of the left wing of the army, composed entirely of troops from the forces of Northern Virginia, men whom he had led to victory a dozen times on the blood-soddened soil between the Rapidan and the Potomac. During the night I have mentioned, the general had perfected his line with the corps of Polk and Hardie, which formed the right. Early in the morning Longstreet attacked the Federals, driving them steadily through the woods in his front. The battleground was in a thick growth of forest that formed the crest of Missionary Ridge, and some of the incidents of the day's fighting were perfectly appalling. At first it was next to impossible to use artillery, there being no practicable roads, and the struggle began with a steady infantry fight of regiment to regiment, and brigade to brigade, through a dense undergrowth that masked Federal from Confederate, till they were

close on to each other. When the field batteries did get a chance of working into position, and shelling the woods in front, the autumn dryness of the chaparal caused it to take fire, and the wounded were left to be burnt, or rather roasted, where they fell. The shrieks rising from the licking flames, that snapped, and crackled, and roared even above the din of musketry, were frightful to listen to, and as neither side could render help, they went on fighting across these streams of fire, endeavouring to drown by their shouts and rifles the piteous yells of agony that rose from the charred and seething mass. Finally, the victory was to remain with the Confederates, who, in one huge wave, overlapping either flank of the retiring columns of the enemy, swept forward and drove the Northern forces pell-mell through the passes which led down to the valley of the Tennessee river, on which stood the town of Chattanooga. Now guns were rapidly brought to the front, and as the retreating Federals got jammed in the narrow openings of the hills, they were worked with deadly effect. At length the retreat grew into a panic, and entire brigades, herding like frightened sheep through the passes, threw aside their arms, and made the best of their way into Chattanooga.

Early in the action, a very dear friend of mine, a young Englishman who had taken service with the South, was wounded, and I saw him made comfortable and carried to the rear. At the close of the battle, when the last gun had been fired, and what seemed to be a dead silence had succeeded to the thundering din of the day, I determined to seek him, the more so as his wound appeared serious, and there might be last messages and wishes to communicate to people far away in England. After a hasty meal of hard biscuit soaked in whisky, which formed the supper of Longstreet and those of his staff who were left in a condition to eat, I turned my horse up the rough slopes of the ridge, down which The whole of we had driven the Federals. the valley of the Tennessee was in darkness, save where the bivouac fires of the victorious army glimmered in a semicircle round Chattanooga. The hum of the thousands of Northern soldiers clustered in that town, and busily engaged in strengthening their position, came in waves of sound like the murmur of a sea breaking on a distant shore, and this grew more distinct as I rode upwards to the plateau, on which the battle had been fought. The moon now rose above the forest-covered heights, and

marked as a silver line the glittering current of the Tennessee, which flowed through one of the loveliest valleys in America. I topped the ridge and plunged into the dark avenues of wood, amidst which the battle had been fought, I left even the whispering of life that stole up from Chattanooga behind me: all was now silent, for I was in the presence of the dead. Those of the wounded who could be found had been moved during, and immediately after, the action to the ambulances in the extreme rear, and a wide strip of forest, five miles in width, and more than twice that in length, was given up to the stiffening corpses of thousands who that morning had been full of life and hope. laboured over the rocky and uneven path, I soon came upon the ghastly traces of the engagement, every rift in the foliage above me sending down the pallid moonlight on the more pallid, upturned features of the dead. Scattered about on open patches, and amidst the trees, lay innumerable bodies, in all the eccentricity of position peculiar to sudden death in action. On the bosoms of some of the Confederate slain were pinned placards, stating their names, regiments, and companies, placed there by their comrades, that the burial parties might take note of those whom they interred. The Federals had been left as they had fallen: some propped up against riven trees, others lying on their backs, with their hands raised as though in prayer; some on their knees in the attitude of firing, though the rifle had fallen from their grasp. There were bodies that had been completely ploughed open by bursting shell, and from others limbs had been wrenched away; but the more frequent cause of death was the small, blueedged aperture on the forehead, where the rifle-bullet had entered the brain. withstanding I carried a pocket-compass, I wandered for hours through the different glades and openings without apparently getting any nearer to the field hospital, which I knew had been established in the direction of Ringold. Every turning I took seemed to bring me back to the same neighbourhood, and frequently I left what might have been the direct path, to follow up some moaning sound coming from the undergrowth on either side. I remember one incident which greatly impressed me at the time. I was moving slowly and cautiously, peering into the forest depths in search of a bridle-path which might lead to the main track, when some deep groans near at hand arrested my attention. Dis- from Paris.

mounting, I threw the rein over a drooping branch, and forcing aside the foliage, made my way in the direction of the wail of suffer-A few steps brought me into an open circle, in the centre of which was a still pool that shone like burnished silver in the moonlight. The banks surrounding it were steep, and some three feet from the water. On the opposite side to where I stood, a movement of some crawling form through the crags attracted me, and I was hastening round to give what assistance I could, when the wounded man-for there was no doubt now what the form was - reached the brink, and stretching forward a pannikin, lost his balance, toppled over with a sharp cry, succeeded by a dull plunge, into the almost well-like pool, at which he would have slaked his burning thirst. I did all I could, and that was little enough, for the wide circling rings gradually faded from the surface, and not a sign remained of the life which had disappeared for ever beneath that calm sheet of moonlit water. I made an effort to discover the right track, and it seemed to me that I only became more entangled. Every variety of horror lay in my path; the carcasses of horses, with their stiffened legs pointing upwards, were interspersed with the human remains. around; finally, I came to that portion of the field where the undergrowth had been fired by the bursting shell, and where the wounded, in their helplessness to escape, had been literally charred by the flames. Now I knew my whereabouts, and just as daylight broke I reached the hospital tents, from whence the groans of suffering men came trembling from under the long canvas roofs, and more terrible evidence still, stacked up by the side of trenches, and ready for interment, were piles of amputated limbs.

So after some hours I found my friend; his wound had been successfully probed, and the bullet extracted; and he still lives to tell the story of Chicamaugha, and of how I, while seeking him, got Lost with the Dead.

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FRONTIER TOWNS OF FRANCE.

NANCY.

This old capital of Lorraine, that fair province that extends from Champagne to the mountains of the Vosges, that screen it from the Rhine, stands on a fine plain near the Meurthe, fifty miles south of Metz, and one hundred and seventy-five miles

Nancy has been called the prettiest town of France, and it certainly excels its rival towns in the same province-Metz, Verdun, Luneville, Château Salins, and Epinalby its cleanliness, and by a certain air of distinction becoming the old capital of the Dukes of Lorraine. The buildings are regular and harmonious; the streets are broad and spacious. The great epoch in the history of Lorraine, and therefore of Nancy, was in the reign of that arch hypocrite Louis the Eleventh. The story is well told by Commines. In 1475, the ambitious and restless Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, longing to open a passage through Luxembourg into Burgundy to surround his territories, and make it all his own ridingground from Lyons to Holland, invested Nancy. What followed is a chapter from Anne of Geierstein. One of the duke's captains—a rascally Italian refugee, called the Count of Campobasso, who had come from Naples with four hundred lanceshad offered the Duke of Lorraine to prolong the siege by allowing the Burgundian army to run short of ammunition and other necessary supplies. This scoundrel had also promised, through a physician of Lyons, to betray the duke and hand him over as a prisoner to Louis the Eleventh, who, however, acquainted Charles with the treason, which he would not believe, knowing how full Louis was of tricks and artifices. In the mean time, just before Nancy surrendered, the duke, cruelly defeated by the Swiss at Granson and Morat, and forsaken by his allies, sank into a sullen melancholy, from which he never quite recovered, so much did he take his losses to While he thus sulked, the Duke of Lorraine took Vaudémont and Epinal, and besieged Nancy, in which town there were three hundred English and twelve hundred Burgundians, who, afraid of the townspeople, and driven to eat horse-flesh, were constantly tormented with as many as twenty-one shots a day from two bombards, one culverin, and several serpentines, which eventually (such was their "remorseless fury") broke down a gate and upset a wall. The Duke of Lorraine and his ten thousand Swiss made it an unpleasant time for Nancy; so the English, tired of the siege and the Duke of Burgundy's delay, surrendered the place just three days before their tardy master arrived to relieve them.

Afterwards, and in the depth of winter, the Duke of Burgundy besieged Nancy with a mutinous, ill-paid, ill-provided army that, since he had been unfortunate, censured and despised his enterprises. king of France had lent the Duke of Lorraine four hundred thousand francs to hire Swiss soldiers, and had also sent a body of eight hundred lances and Frank archers to Barrois to observe matters. The King of Portugal, visiting the Duke of Burgundy's camp, the duke pressed him to stay and defend the pass of Pont à Mousson, but the king refused, having only come to France to obtain help against Ferdinand of Castille

(Columbus's Ferdinand).

The Duke of Lorraine now hurried from St. Nicholas, and advanced to give battle to Burgundy, and that same day Campobasso went over to the enemy with eight score men-at-arms. A draper of Mirecourt instantly clambered into Nancy, that was near surrender, to entreat them to hold out, and the Duke of Lorraine presently threw men and provisions into Nancy, for the Duke of Burgundy had only four thousand men, and only twelve hundred of these were in a condition to fight, and the headstrong Duke of Burgundy was advised to retire to Pont à Mousson, and the towns round Nancy, Lorraine would, it was urged, wanting money, retire, and the duke could recruit his forces with the four hundred and fifty thousand crowns he had ready in the Castle of Luxembourg; but the madman resolved to rush like a bull on his enemies, and gore them or perish. To the Count de Chimaz, who advised retreat, Charles said insultingly:

"I deny what you say, but if I were to fight alone, I would fight all the same. You are what you are, and show clearly that you are sprung from the house of Vaudrémont."

The Germans, to their credit, being unwilling to receive such a traitor as Campobasso, that rascal retired to the Castle of Condé, where he fortified the pass with carts, hoping to swoop down like a carrion crow for plunder, if the Duke of Burgundy should be defeated. He had also left men in Charles's ranks who were to desert him in the charge, and others who were to fall on and murder him in the rout.

All happened as might have been fore-The duke's scared, faint - hearted seen. army broke at the first shock of spears and halberds. The duke was knocked off his big black horse and fell into a ditch, near the marsh of St. John, where a statue now marks the spot. A knight named Claude de Bausemont, coming up, gave the fallen man a lance-thrust, while others clove him down with halberds and pierced him with

pikes. A page who saw him killed found the body stripped and lying among the dead. It was buried by order of René, Duke of Lorraine, with great magnificence in St. George's Church at Nancy. "I saw," says Commines, in his minute, chatty way, "a seal-ring of his, after his death, at Milan, with his arms cut curiously upon sardonyx, that I have often seen him wear in a ribbon at his breast. It was sold at Milan for two ducats, and had been stolen from him by a varlet that waited on him in his chamber." Commines's moral on the duke's defeat runs thus:

"I cannot conceive what should have provoked God Almighty's displeasure so highly against him, unless it was his selflove and arrogance in attributing all the success of his enterprises and all the renown he ever acquired to his own wisdom

and conduct."

It was during this siege that the angry citizens, enraged at Charles having put to death Suffron de Bachier, chamberlain of their duke, hung in revenge from the tower of the church of St. Epvre one hundred of Charles's Burgundian officers, which, in our humble opinion, was more than ample retaliation.

Nancy is full of records of the old dukes. In the Grande Rue stands a portion of the ancient palace, a splendid specimen of the Flamboyant Gothic of the sixteenth century, with a fine portal and gatehouse. It is now a barrack for the gendarmerie, and part of it a museum for local antiquities, one of the best purposes for which an historical house can be used. In the Place Royale stands a statue of Stanislas, the great benefactor of Nancy. This ex-king of Poland and Duke of Lorraine abdicated his northern throne in 1735, and resided in Lorraine till 1766, when he died, and all his domains fell to the crown of France. This duke is always coming across you in Nancy. There is a Porte Stanislas, and a Rue Stanislas, and a Place Stanislas, and, moreover, a fine triumphal arch, also erected by the indefatigable Stanislas, leading into the Place de la Carrière, and to the public promenade, La Pepinière, beyond. In the Church of the Cordeliers is the ducal chapel, an octagonal building of much elegance, and lined with costly marble; but the ducal bones are not here, in spite of all the grandeur, for the red caps, in the revolutionary times, hating even ducal bones, took up all the gilt and velveted coffins, tumbled them into a common cemetery, and turned the church into a warehouse.

Stanislas, however, was too tremendous a person to be buried among other dukes, and must needs have a place all to himself and his wife in the Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, which he rebuilt in The original building had been reared by Duke René, to commemorate the defeat and death of that bugbear of his, Charles the Bold. The white marble tomb of the officious Stanislas still remains. This benefactor of Nancy was burnt to death by his clothes accidentally catching fire as he sat by his own fireside. In this church are, or were, preserved—a writer about Nancy says-the Turkish standards taken by Dukes of Lorraine in 1664, 1670, and 1716, after which time Turkey did not do much harm in Europe, thanks to brave Prince Eugène. A cast bronze statue of the monotonous but worthy Stanislas stands between the four fountains of the Place Royale. It was erected by voluntary subscription, collected throughout the duchy, in 1823; so there is some gratitude in Lorraine, and there must have been some good in this little Roi d'Yvetot.

Nancy is a busy place, especially in cotton and cloth. It employs about twenty thousand persons, out of a population of thirty-eight thousand five hundred and sixty-nine, in embroidery upon cambric, muslin, and jaconets. Nancy is also famous for its shot (it may have painful experience of it soon), hosiery, liqueurs, chemical products, tanneries, dyeing houses, and saltpetre re-

ineries.

With good reason, Nancy boasts of her children; of Callot, the artist and etcher, whose soldiers and beggars of Louis the Thirteenth's time are admirably picturesque. Callot, when a runaway lad at Rome, attracted the notice of a young prince of Lorraine, who brought him back to his father's court. His great picture was the Siege of La Rochelle; he died in 1636. Napoleon's general of artillery, Drouot, that faithful, staunch old Puritan, who, amid all the blasphemy and license of an unhallowed camp, kept his Bible always before him, was born here. A statue to the worthy veteran stands in the Cour d'Orleans, near the University, and close to the Porte de Metz, erected in 1785, to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin, the victories of France, and her alliance with the United States. Marshal Bassompierre, who was Richelieu's ambassador to England in Charles the First's reign, and who left memoirs, was also a native of this town, and so was Isabey, the painter, who, in a

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coarse, vigorous way, recorded so many of Napoleon's victories. Nancy has not done

so ill for a small place.

The central point of Nancy is the Place Stanislas, which is really dignified with its statue and fountains, its Hôtel de Ville, theatre, and bishop's house. The Place de la Carrière comes next, with its palais de justice, tribunals, and the palace of the ancient governor. The University is in the Place de la Grève, and the public library of twenty-three thousand volumes in the old University, Rue Stanislas. The churches have one or two points of interest. Some ancient frescoes in the Chapel of the Conception, St. Epvre, injured by repainting, and a bas-relief of the Lord's Supper, by Drouin, a local sculptor, deserve notice. In the Church of the Cordeliers there are the tombs of the Vaudrémonts, not to be overlooked. The kneeling statues of Antoine de Vaudrémont and his lady (1447) are by Drouin; Ligier Richier's statue of Philippa of Gueldres is much admired, and the tomb of Callot must not be passed by.

This quaint nook of Lorraine, to which a terrible interest attaches at the present, will be, when the war cloud has rolled away, well worth the attention of tourists

tired of the old lions.

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Hicks rallied very slowly. Weeks passed; and her condition was still one that required constant watching. Having undertaken this duty, Maud could not abandon it; and she became daily fonder of the gentle, unselfish old lady, so that her labour grew to be one of love. On the other hand, as was only natural, Mrs. Hicks was now strongly attached to her young

companion.

"I do not know what I should do now, my dear, if I were to lose you. You have spoilt me. We have never had anything young in the house before you came. As Martha says, you do us all good." For Maud's energy, which had often flagged at Beckworth, and had always been in a chronic state of suppressed irritation at Mortlands, had now free play. She read aloud for hours, and answered all Mrs. Hicks's letters; she visited such poor people as the old lady wished, and dispensed her charities; she paid all Mrs. Hicks's bills, and attended her benevolent committees;

she took long walks, and returned home laden with wild hyacinths and primroses. The secret of this cheerful, untiring temper, I believe, was the well-spring of a strong hope within her. In vain she set a stone upon the mouth of that spring; it bubbled up all the same at unexpected times and She had not heard Lowndes's name since the day they parted: she knew nothing of him, for good or evil: he was probably back again with his old companions and pursuits, and had forgotten her and her preachings. It was only natural; it would be contrary to nearly all precedent if it were otherwise. So she said to herself, repeatedly; but she did not believe it. She declared that it would be sentimental folly to rely upon anything he had said; but she did rely upon it. Love is, even now, sometimes stronger than prudence and worldly wisdom. Then, as regarded Mrs. Cartaret, she felt a conviction that, even if Lowndes remained constant, his mother would never yield. She knew the old lady's pride and prejudice so well. After what had passed, Mrs. Cartaret would never open her arms to receive Maud, and without such opening of arms Maud was still resolute that she would never become Lowndes's wife. But, in spite of all, Maud was not despondent.

John Miles did not return to Salisbury for two or three weeks, the account of his aunt being better, and his own judgment pointing out that it was wiser to leave Mand at peace for a time, before renewing his suit. Then at last he did come, and stayed three days. During that time Maud kept out of his way as much as possible: and Mrs. Hicks was always devising innocent little stratagems (which she regarded as Machiavelian in their diplomacy, but which would not have deceived a child) in order to throw the young people together. But Maud's avoidance was not to be misunderstood; eager as poor John was to catch at any straw, there was none held out; he must drown-at all events for the present. She was cordial and friendly in her manner until they were tête-à-tête; if this was unavoidable, she froze up, as Maud had a special faculty for doing, making one feel that any nearer approach would be slippery, not to say dangerous. He went away without having said a word. But his

aunt was not so perspicacious.

"My dear," she said, one day when they were alone, "I have been hesitating for a long time whether I should say something to you. But I may not be here very long,

and I do so wish to see two people whom I love dearly made happy before I go. No, my dear, don't interrupt me. Now I have begun, I must speak. You see how it is with John, don't you, my dear? Depend upon it, the love of such a man ought not lightly to be put aside. I know your papa and mamma were very angry at the idea, because John is a poor man, but-but -what I wanted to say is this. He will be well off at my death. For many years I have put by more than half my income to accumulate for him. He will have, at the least, eighteen hundred a year. And the knowledge of this, though it will not affect you, I am well aware, may influence your papa and mamma: and therefore-

"Dearest Mrs. Hicks, I must stop you. If this marriage were possible, what you say would influence Sir Andrew and Lady Herriesson; but it is not possible. I have the greatest regard and respect for your nephew, but I can never be his wife. Please

say no more about it."

"Ah, my dear, consider! Where will you find such a character as John's again? He is as nearly perfect as any human being can be, I think. It is not"—and the old lady hesitated a moment—"it is not his nose? It is not his personal appearance, is it, my dear? Beauty is a vain thing—it is as the grass of the field. I hope it isn't that."

"It has nothing to do with personal appearance—I know his worth. He is the best man I have ever met; but I'm not made to be the wife of such a man. If I ever marry, it will be a far less perfect character—indeed, a very imperfect one!" And then, wishing to set this question at rest, once and for ever, and driven by one of those sudden impulses, which are sometimes worth a year's deliberation, she confessed that her heart was not free.

"I know what you will say—that I am wasting my life in a delusion. Very likely. Understand that I have no hope, my dear old friend; but for all that, I can't marry another, nor will you urge me to do so,

now that you know the truth."

It was thus that she concluded her confession; and Mrs. Hicks pressed the girl's hand, and sighed. She never spoke upon

the subject again.

John Miles passed all the rest of the spring alone at Mortlands. There had been a hollow sort of reconciliation between him and Sir Andrew: a cold shaking of hands at the church-door; and now the family at the great house was up in London and John had the village all to himself, and more solitary hours than ever, wherein to dwell upon a passion which he knew was hopeless. For Mrs. Hicks, in compassion for her dear nephew, had not kept Maud's secret.

CHAPTER XVII.

On Lowndes's return from Salisbury. after his interview with Maud, there had been some violent scenes between Mrs. Cartaret and her son. For the first time in his life, Lowndes found it impossible, even after repeated efforts, to make any impression on his mother. In all their differences, heretofore, he had ultimately "got round" her; but now, the original wound in her mind having been kept in a constant state of irritation by the judicious application of blisters from Mrs. Rouse, every word Lowndes dropped only inflamed it more. Lowndes was not a patient young man; not used to be thwarted, nor submissive under rebuke. He had departed for London at the end of the second day, and had not since been down to Beckworth. He wrote occasionally to his mother, inquiring briefly after her health, but never naming himself. From others, however, Mrs. Cartaret had accounts of her son's changed mode of life, which amazed her. could hardly believe her ears when told of her dissipated vaurien's working eight hours a day: of his being no longer seen in the Park, nor in any of the haunts of men. She inquired anxiously whether he had any liaison, as a natural solution to the mystery. But none of the vultures who feed upon the carrion of society could affirm as much. And the idea of Maud's being the cause of this revolution never crossed Mrs. Cartaret's mind. He had quarrelled with her about the girl, it is true; and being the proud, obstinate boy he was, he would not come home properly ashamed and contrite, as he ought. That was his character. But that he had not forgotten the object of their dissension long since, still less that the recollection of her was of sufficient force to stimulate him to a new life, this was a suggestion which Mrs. Cartaret would have regarded as wildly improbable. Why, he never even named Maud! He never renewed the subject of their quarrel! It was, fortunately, quite clear that he had forgotten the cunning little aventurière.

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When, however, Easter and Whitsuntide
—holiday seasons which had never passed
without Lowndes's running down to Beck-

worth for a day or two-when these came and went, and Mrs. Cartaret was still ungladdened by the sight of her son, she began to feel very heavy at heart. Not even the satisfaction of learning that his life was reformed could compensate for this: the cloud which had arisen as a man's hand was consolidating itself into a compact mass, till it threatened to darken the whole sky overhead. For a while her pride kept her from asking him to come. At last, she could stand it no longer, and broke out thus in one of her letters: "Your favourite hautboys are now ripe, and will be all over, if you do not pay them a visit soon." But the hautboys passed; and other fruits succeeded them; and still he came not. "If you should be ill, send for me. Otherwise I am not coming to Beckworth," he wrote; and the old lady was furious. She indited a piebald letter, in which French and English expletives vied for predominance: declaring that a monster of ingratitude had been born unto her, that she had nourished a viper in her bosom, that he was sans cour, sans entrailles, and that he would come to no good end, that was clear. After despatching this, she had a comfortable fit of hysterics, and poured her woes into the sympathising breast of Mrs. Rouse.

"It's the undutifullest thing as ever I heerd of!" cries the artful prime-minister; "after Mr. Lowndes's conduct, his writing like that, instead of going down on his bended knees! Can't say much for his reform, if this is the fruits-he don't place much account by the fifth commandment. Them as practises law forgets their religion, it seems to me. I never did hold much by law. He'll only come here, ma'am, if you're ill. Wants to see, I suppose, as your will is properly made!"

By which specimen it will be seen that Mrs. Rouse's ascendancy, and the license of tongue permitted to her, were increased rather than diminished. In short, the episode of Maud's short career at Beckworth had, no doubt, strengthened the housekeeper's position. The vacant post had been filled by a dull girl who could in no way be a companion to the old lady. But then she was Mrs. Rouse's devoted slave; and if Mrs. Cartaret complained of the girl's stupidity, she was met by the retort, "Perhaps you'd like to find a young lady again as has run away from her home? A hussy as tries to entrap your son, ma'am?" To which there was no reply; but in the inmost recesses of her heart, I fear Mrs. Cartaret was at times almost tempted to wish for such another runaway. Of this particular one she could not, of course, think without some bitterness-she had wrought so much mischief. devil himself must have made the girl," as she wrote to one of her old friends. "Such a fascination had she-such a power to impression you with a sense of straightness! And yet, my friend, she was a liar! . . . I actually cried, old fool that I am, when I had to turn her out of the house, I had got to love the little wretch so, in the course of that month! Ah, my friend, what a world! Was there such deceit, such treachery in the old times? I think not."

The voke of Rouse and Dapper grew more galling every day. Mrs. Cartaret's life was as solitary and cheerless as that of the Pope in the Vatican, without such consolations as may belong to supremacy. The shadow and insignia of royalty were still hers; but the substance had passed from her. She grew more inert, and with less energy for discussion or command daily, for her heart was sorely troubled. Heretofore Lowndes had exercised a certain restraint over the arrogant ministry which no opposition had ever been able to put out of office. Now, they did absolutely as they liked. And thus the summer wore

In August an unprecedented thing befel John Miles: he went to London for a month. A curate friend, who had been ill and required country air, asked if he would exchange duties with him, and he did so. John's journey up was marked by a small incident. In a corner of the same carriage with himself sat a rigid-looking man, whose age it was impossible to tell, but whose creaseless face seemed not quite unfamiliar to Miles. The rigid man's memory

was the better of the two.

"Mr. Miles, I believe?" he said, without a smile, or the derangement of one unnecessary muscle: "I think we met at dinner at Mortlands. You are the curate? My name is Durborough."

Then, after the exchange of a few words,

he continued:

"Sir Andrew and Lady Herriesson are at Wiesbaden, are they not?"

"Yes: they are gone for Sir Andrew's gout.'

"And where is that unfortunate young lady, Miss Pomeroy?"

"I am not aware that she is unfortunate," replied John, sternly. "She is at Salisbury, where I hear she is well and

But Durborough of Durborough was too

dense to take a hint.

"I hope she will keep respectable. She was a fine-grown young woman. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Miles-perhaps you may have heard it - I was very near making her Mrs. Durborough. What an escape!"

"Whoever is lucky enough to get Miss Pomeroy's hand wins a great prize, sir," cries John, as red as a turkey-cock. which Mr. Durborough relapsed into silence, and sat up stiffer than ever during the rest of the journey. But those few words gave John food for thought. They influenced him, perhaps, as much as anything towards a decision which he came to, on arriving in

Mr. Forbes was alone in his office when a card was brought him. He desired the gentleman to be admitted.

"I am a stranger to you, Mr. Forbes,"

began John Miles, as he entered.

"Not at all: I remember you perfectly, sir. I have often wished since for an opportunity of expressing personally to you my regret at having been the indirect cause of your being so roughly used that night by our friend Sir Andrew. Under an entire misapprehension, you see, his temper got the better of him: it does some-But he knows, now, what an in-

justice he did you."

"I am glad of it," said John, calmly. "It was not to speak of Sir Andrew, how-ever, that I came here." He paused for a moment. "I have always heard your name mentioned with great respect, Mr. Forbes, as a man of the highest principle, as well as of very clear judgment. I am going to speak on a delicate subject, and must ask you to let what I shall say go no further. You know Mr. Lowndes Cartaret well? told he is studying for the bar, and working hard. This is the result of some inquiries I have made since coming to town. Is this true?"

"It is quite true, Mr. Miles."

"From your knowledge of his character, have you any idea what has wrought this change, and do you believe it will be a permanent one?"

"I have a very distinct idea what has wrought this change: indeed, I have a certainty, and I believe it will be permanent."

John paused a minute, as if hesitating how he should put his next question.

"Do he and Sir Andrew meet now?"

"Yes; Mr. Cartaret sees both him and Lady Herriesson constantly."

"Sir Andrew then is—is—favourable to

him?"

" Entirely so."

Miles blew his nose vehemently, and fidgeted on his chair. "Look here, Mr. Forbes: I don't want you to commit any breach of confidence, but tell me one thing. If Mr. Cartaret is the man you take him to be, why shouldn't he—what impediment is there-to-to-

"Mr. Miles, there is no use in beating about the bush. Let us talk plainly. What impediment is there to his marrying Miss Pomeroy at once? His mother-

"Surely," replied John, with a sigh that came from the very bottom of his heart, "surely Mrs. Cartaret cannot persist in misjudging a girl who is exercising such a saving influence upon her son? It is hard enough, I think, that the world should continue to regard that one act of folly as though it were a deadly crime. A fool in the train talked to me of the escape he had had from her-God help him! Mr. Forbes, it is just this brings me here to-day. You know how I love her; you heard me avow it to Sir Andrew, and the hopes I then had. Well, they are at an end. I have no more hope now, for I know that her heart is another's; but I love her still, Mr. Forbes, and if I can do anything towards making her really happy, I will do it, cost me what it may.

The lawyer shook his visitor's hand, in silence, and John continued: "I own I feared that Mr. Cartaret could never be worthy of her. But if it is true that he is reformed, then," he said, with an effort, "the sooner this marriage can be, the better. Longer delay is only injurious to her good name. My aunt is nearly well; in a few weeks I know that Miss Pomeroy will leave her, and seek a living elsewhere. For her sake, for every one's sake, this marriage must take place as soon as possible."

"It is very easy to say that, my dear sir, and I cannot sufficiently admire your conduct, which, as far as I know, is quite unprecedented, under the circumstances. But how about the old lady?"

John meditated for some minutes. At last he said, very slowly, and Mr. Forbes

saw how much it cost him:

"Would it be any use my going down to speak to her?"

"I hardly think so. She refuses to listen to her own son, I believe; but you can try."

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"I will," replied John. And he walked away from the lawyer's office like one in a dream.

"That fellow's of the stuff that heroes are made of, in spite of his face," said the lawyer, as the door closed behind his visitor. "Who ever heard of a man going to plead his rival's cause with that rival's own mother?"

The estrangement from her son had begun to tell upon Mrs. Cartaret's health. She passed most of her time in bed. It bored her to get up and receive the neighbours, who of course inquired for Lowndes. She could not sit to read much; she wrote voluminous letters, and answers arrived, containing awful pictures of the state of France. Her thoughts had no other diversion from the one topic which engrossed them. And, at last, towards the middle of August, she really fell ill, not as ill as she herself fancied-not ill enough, perhaps, to justify her writing to Lowndes, "Are you going to let me die without seeing you again?"

That evening's train brought him to Beckworth. She revived at the very sight of him, like a drooping flower put into water; her black eyes sparkled, and she sat up, talking so briskly, that Lowndes's anxiety was at once relieved. He had been called from town under false pretences; but he did not regret it, for now that he was here, he made up his mind that he would not go back without seeing Maud. He came to this determination while he sat there by his mother's bed, answering her questions as to his changed life and pursuits in a manner so different from the cui bono raillery to which she was accustomed, that she asked herself with amazement if this was her indolent, sarcastic son.

Before he left her for the night, he said: "I shall go to Salisbury for a few hours to-morrow, and the following day I must return to town."

"Why go back so soon?" cried the old lady, in a whining voice. "It is six months since you were here. Come, sois gentil, mon enfant, stay a few days with mehein?"

"I should only be unhappy, mother. When two people don't agree upon the subject which is nearest to the heart of one of

them, they are better apart."
"Comment! Est-il possible? You have not yet forgotten that miserable girl?"

"Have not forgotten, and never shall forget her. My life may be made wretched by your separating us, of course; for without your consent she never will marry me,

"That she never shall have!" burst in Mrs. Cartaret, punching the pillow violently with her little fist.

"So you have already told me. And, therefore, I am better away from Beckworth."

"Are you not ashamed to tell me, sir, that a creature like this is to separate mother and son?"

"That is not her fault. She has refused to let me write to her. I shall see her tomorrow for the first time in six months."

"You shall see her? Mon Dien! You shall see her?"

"I wish to tell her that though we are separated for a while, nothing will ever change me. And I wish to let her know that I have been trying, by my life, during the last six months, to make myself a little less unworthy of her."

"Unworthy of her! Mon Dieu! Listen

to him! Unworthy of her!

"Yes," said Lowndes, who was by this time roused, in spite of his determination "The fact is she is so different to be calm. to those miserable samples of humanity you regard as correct young ladies, that you can't understand her. She has nothing in common with the cut-and-dried breadand-butter that comes out of schools and convents (and turns rancid in one's mouth after marriage, ten to one). She is a real, honest girl-nothing sham about her-

"She came here under a sham name!"

cries Mrs. Cartaret.

" -and noble, as uncommonly few aristocrats are, or ever were, in the days of your favourite 'grand monarque,' " persists Lowndes, regardless of his mother's interruption. "However, it is no use talking about it, mother. It only makes us both angry. During the short time I am to be here, let there be peace. Only don't deceive yourself. No power on earth shall ever make me give the girl up, and I shall never come back to Beckworth, to remain, until you will receive her. And nowgood-night."

But it was far from a good night for poor Mrs. Cartaret. Restless, and dissatisfied with herself, with her son, and with all the world, she passed the sleepless hours, tossing feverishly among her pillows, and muttering, like the prince so pitilessly immortalised by Carlyle, "Est-il possible? Mon

Dieu! est-il possible?"

Maud was crossing the quaint little

market-place, bringing home some fruit for Mrs. Hicks, when she started, and nearly let her basket fall. In front of her, barring her road, stood Lowndes; and now he had hold of both her hands, and was looking into her eyes. A joy, which it was vain to conceal, danced there, and hovered round her She reproached herself afterwards for testifying thus her real feeling: it was weak, but she could not help it.

"The six months are nearly past," he began, "and I have obeyed you in never writing. I shouldn't have been so patient if I hadn't seen Lady Herriesson constantly, and learnt two things; first, that you had not left this, secondly, that-my jealousy of a certain person was unfounded. And now I'm come just to gladden my eyes by a glimpse of you, to tell you that I am unchanged in one thing, though changed, I hope, in many others. I've not been idle; I have really worked hard all this timekeeping the fear of you before my eyes," he added, laughing.

"I am so glad to hear it," she replied.
"You could not tell me anything that would give me greater pleasure."

"And now, will you trust me? Will you be patient yet a little while, Maud? My mother is in the hands of those devils of servants. If there were only some unprejudiced person to argue the case with her! However, sooner or later she will come round, I am confident. She has too good a heart not to listen to its dictates."

"She will never Maud shook her head. listen to them, in this case. Do not waste your life on a chimera."

"I am not wasting my life. I am turning it now to some account, with one hope and object in view.'

"It makes me happy," said Maud, gently " to think that any words of mine should have tended to work this change. I did not expect it. We won't talk about the hope, we will put that aside. You will grow happier, I am sure, every year by working; you would have grown more dissatisfied, more miserable, each year by dissipation."

He stopped, as he walked along beside her, and whispered with a smile:

"But as our friend the parson would

say, 'Man doth not live by bread alone.'"
"Perhaps, in one sense, the happiest are those who ask for nothing else but their bread. By-the-bye, I am going out to work for mine again. I leave this next week."

"Good Heavens! I thought you would remain with this old lady until-in short, for the present."

"'The present' has lasted six months. She is the kindest, dearest old soul, but I have no excuse for remaining any longer. She is quite well again."

He kicked viciously at a stone that lay in his path. "And where do you mean to go ?"

"To my old nurse in London. There I can look about me, and see what there is to be done.

He implored her to give up this idea. He brought forward every argument against it; but in vain.

"I had but one excuse to plead for running away from Mortlands as I did. I would not be dependent on Sir Andrew any longer. Can I now be dependent on Mrs. Hicks? I have been of service during her illness and recovery, that I know. But the necessity for her having a companion is over, and with it I must go.

To this resolve she held fast, in spite of all that Lowndes could urge. The utmost concession he could gain was that she promised to let him know when her course of life was decided. They walked for a long time under the broad-spreading trees of the Close, so long, indeed, that the clock had fully chimed the hour of Mrs. Hicks's early dinner ere Maud had put her hand in his, and bade him godspeed. She had promised nothing; she had repeated over and over again that it was folly to live on such hope as his; she had told him that the wisest thing he could do was to go away and forget her; but he left Salisbury, for all that, more resolute than ever to conquer the difficulties that lay in the way of his happiness, though still at a loss how to attack them.

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